

# THE DAY UFO'S LANDED

On the spot investigation of  
a "Flying Saucer Nest" in Australia.

■ Certain official bodies would have the public believe that only cranks, lunatics and weak-minded people believe in UFOs. While it is true that certain unscrupulous characters have sought to mislead by pretending they had made contact with little green men—or the like—in the hope of achieving a certain amount of cheap notoriety, there are many thousands of eminent scientists, astronomers, rocket experts, technicians, nuclear physicists, top-ranking members of various air force and army establishments, members of clergy, professors and leading space travel authorities—to mention but a few—who feel there is ample and conclusive evidence to prove UFOs *do* exist, and that they are not pretty weather balloons or just a product of the imagination.

Flying saucers first made world headlines in June 1947, when businessman Kenneth Arnold—while piloting a private plane—spotted nine silvery objects flying in formation over Mt. Ranier.

The first sighting in Australia occurred in 1952. In Sydney and several nearby towns, including Wollongong, dozens of reports flowed in on May 3rd of a saucer that flashed overhead at 6 a.m. It was described as a wingless cigar, many times the size of an ordinary airliner, equipped with pairs of blazing lights at each end. Among the hundreds of witnesses was an East-West Airlines pilot, a flying instructor, an ex-R.A.A.F. pilot, who

said the object was shaped like a submarine and lit up like a liner; its speed was in excess of 500 m.p.h.

On May 11th, the residents of Parramatta witnessed a silvery ball with a halo. It moved slowly and silently until it vanished from sight. The Meteorological Office could not offer any explanation for the phenomenon.

On June 7th at 7:30 a.m. three airmen were leaving their barracks en route for another R.A.A.F. depot; they saw a cigar-shaped object pass swiftly and silently overhead at approximately 2,000 to 3,000 feet.

Several silvery windows or portholes were visible along its sides, and its sharply pointed nose possessed a forecabin emitting a dazzling light that almost blinded them. As it flashed overhead in a northerly direction, a peculiar tail arrangement, consisting of several raised flukes, was described by one of the observers who also noted that the light streaming from the portholes was of an orange hue. No smoke or vapor trail was evident and the object sped northwards without an alteration of height or direction, quickly vanishing.

On July 6th, 1954, two shire councillors, Mr. G.V. Burnett and Mr. T. Kerr, reported seeing a wingless and noiseless flying "cigar" belching green flame as they were returning by car from a council meeting at Queanbeyan. Both men said the object was "under controlled flight." The previous day, two cigar-shaped objects had been reported over Williamstown, a suburb of Melbourne. The witness, a photographer, said they were in line, one behind the other and their exhausts "threw out a bright vapor trail." The objects were in view for two minutes, he said, and appeared

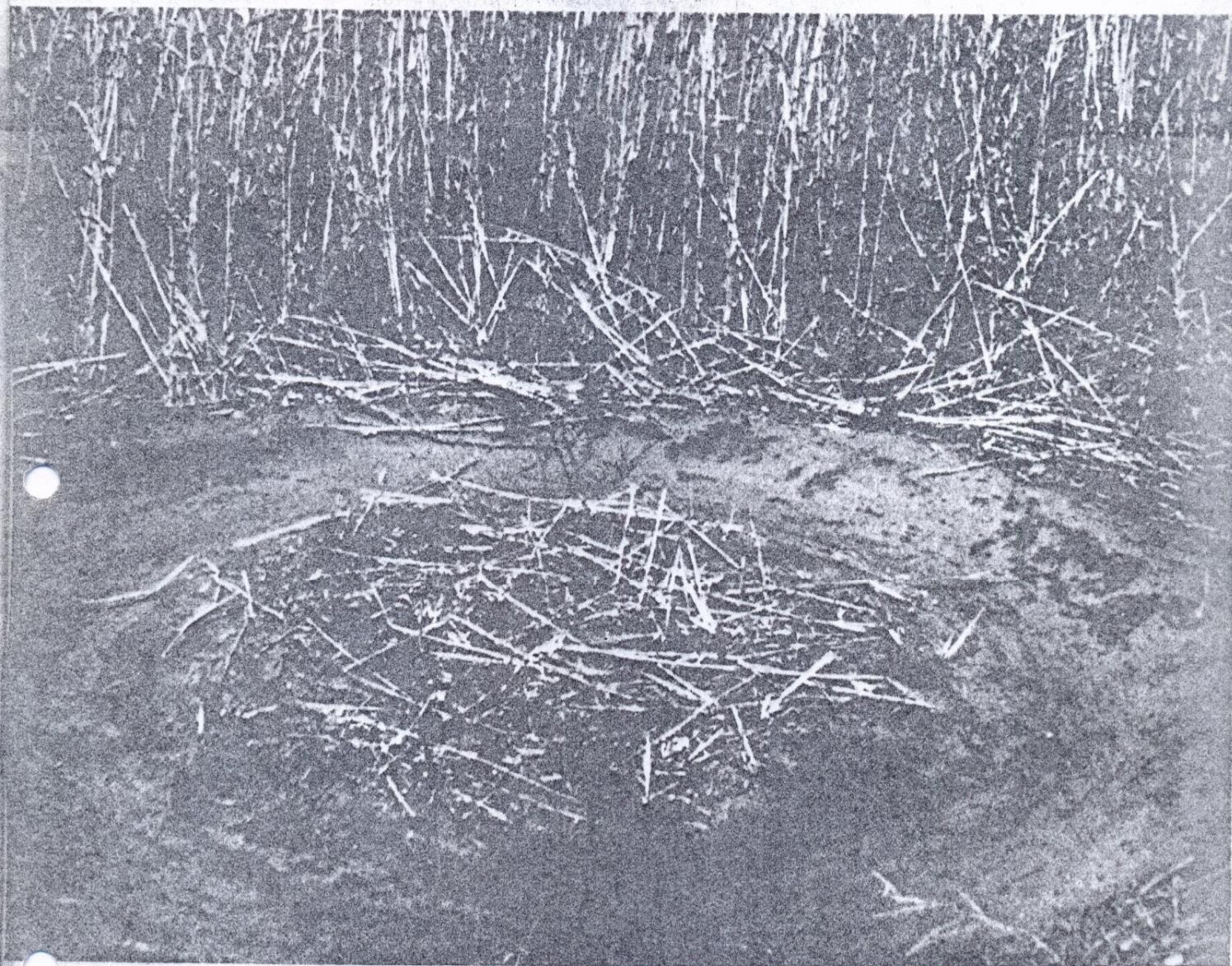
to be at an altitude of about 5,000 feet.

On August 10th of the same year, a brilliant green ballshaped object was reported hurtling over Sydney at 5:35 p.m., traveling at between 500 and 1,000 m.p.h. Various suburban residents, including Reverend Father Adabert of St. Fiacre's Church in Leichhardt, disagreed about the objects shape, describing it as "a dark body with a green flare at the tail," "a compact round ball which could have been spinning" and "ballshaped." The R.A.A.F. and Weather Bureau officials could offer no explanation of the light, but the former added that it was neither a civil nor a service aircraft. Fifteen minutes before the Sydney sightings, "a vivid green object" passed over Canberra heading towards Sydney, thus giving the object a speed of 600 m.p.h.

On November 8th, 1957 four astronomers at the Mount Stromlo, the Commonwealth Observatory, observed a bright pink object in the sky and were at a loss to explain it. It moved across the western horizon for about eight minutes, starting at 3:30 a.m., then disappeared. No plane was in the sky at the time.

The assistant director of the observatory, Dr. A.R. Hogg, said "It is the first time that the observatory has sighted what must be called an unidentified flying object."

Some very rough computations showed that the object was not more than 1,600 miles above the earth. If it were not seen again it would have to be written off as an unexplained phenomenon. Dr. Hogg said slow-moving meteorites, known as taurids, appeared at this time of the year, but the object was moving much too slowly to be a meteorite.



One of the astronomers seeing the object, Dr. A. Przybylski, said it had a bright pink luminosity which was brighter than anything else in the sky at the time except the moon. It travelled slowly southwards across the horizon, rose and passed beneath the moon, then sank again before disappearing.

One of the most unusual experiences was reported during February 1958, by two men in the Tarcutta district. They were in a paddock on Mr. F.S. Heard's property, "Springfield." It was a cloudless day with not a breath of wind. In a timbered not a breath of wind. They heard a noise like thunder in a timbered gully some distance from them, reverberating up and down the gully. They saw the tops of the trees in the vicinity waving in a wind, but when they investigated the gully they could find no signs of anything that could cause

December 1971 Tooligie Hills, South Australia. Grass pushed down, soil dry, what did it?

a noise or disturb the trees. They also smelled an odor evidently caused by something burning in the vicinity a short time before.

The next day, chunks of clinker-type or burnt-out rock materials were found on the property. One chunk was found on a well-used sheep track and another was found balanced on a log. The material smelled as if it had been recently burned and was very porous, with a honeycomb appearance. Specimens of the materials were sent to the C.S.I.R.O. in Sydney, but no analysis was forthcoming.

Bright, fast-moving unidentified objects flashing across the sky on the night of March 5 1965, startled hundreds of people in Sydney and throughout New South Wales. They crossed

the state from northwest to southeast and were sighted in Coonabarabran, many parts of the central west (including Orange, Molong and Bathurst), the Kandos area and, finally, in Sydney Newcastle and Wellongong.

The objects shot across the state between 7:45 p.m. and 8:00 p.m., and an estimated two hundred callers immediately jammed the *Sydney Morning Herald* switchboard, reporting "white heads and long red tails."

Mr. K. McIntosh, a resident of Orange, took sightings on the lights and said they appeared to be travelling at a speed of between 18,000 and 20,000 miles an hour.

Mrs. L. Ford of Kandos said, "As they flew across the southeast, they appeared to break up."

Mr. and Mrs. E. Williamson of Hornsby said they saw four to six lights flashing across the sky as though

# UFOs LANDED

they were running along invisible wires.

Mr. R. Morris of Mount Colah said they traveled toward the city in formation. "The lights looked like small comets; they were colored yellow with short trails that looked like sparks," he said.

Mr. H. Richardson of Leppington stated, "It was a weird sight. No sound, just a steady movement of eight lights in close formation."

Spokesmen for the Civil Aviation Department and R.A.A.F. Air Traffic Control at Mascot said they also received many reports of the lights. "We did not see them, but we can definitely say that no R.A.A.F. or civil craft were flying in group formation as the light-sighting reports indicated," they said.

The lights passed, almost overhead, as fifty members of the Astronomical Society of New South Wales were meeting at Belfield Observatory. The director of the Observatory, Mr. G. Patston, said that each of the amateur astronomers had seen the lights and dozens more people had telephoned about them. He said the lights, of which most observers counted about eight, were seen 30 degrees above the horizon, 25 degrees west of north. Each object seemed to have a long, red incandescent tail about twenty times the length of the head of the



object. They disappeared well above the horizon; when the first one disappeared, the last was 50 degrees behind it.

Tully, Queensland figured in the news during 1965 when a saucer "nest" was discovered. The nest was a perfectly circular clearing with a diameter of 30 feet. It consisted of a 9-inch layer of reeds torn out by the roots from the muddy bed of the lagoon. It was floating on top of five feet of water and the reeds were swirled in a clockwise direction. The flattened area was surrounded by healthy, upright green reeds, 2½-feet tall. Underwater examination showed that the lagoon floor was perfectly smooth with all roots cleanly removed, as though pulled out by some great sucking force.

Among the sightseers were Mr. T. Warren and Mr. H. Penning. Together, they searched the swamps in the vicinity of the nest, discovering two more nests. These were only 25 yards away from the first one and a few feet apart from each other, but were otherwise hidden in the thick swamp grass. Their sizes were considerably smaller, only one-third that of the first nest. The reeds of one were flattened clockwise, the other counterclockwise. Again, the thick layers of uprooted and swirled reeds were floating in 4½-feet of water.

A Brisbane helicopter company denied the possibility that the nests could be caused by helicopters. "A helicopter's rotor might flatten the grass, but the grass would soon spring up again and it would not die. Also the depression in the swamps were close to trees and there were much better landing spots several hundred yards away which a helicopter pilot would choose" the company official stated.

Repeated underwater exploration beneath the main nest revealed three large holes in the mud, suggesting a possibility that the UFO was not floating or hovering, but resting on three leg-like understructures.

It was found, although originally denied, that strange footprints existed around the area of the nest. The footprints strongly suggested the marks of an animal, but could not be identified by even the most experienced bushmen.

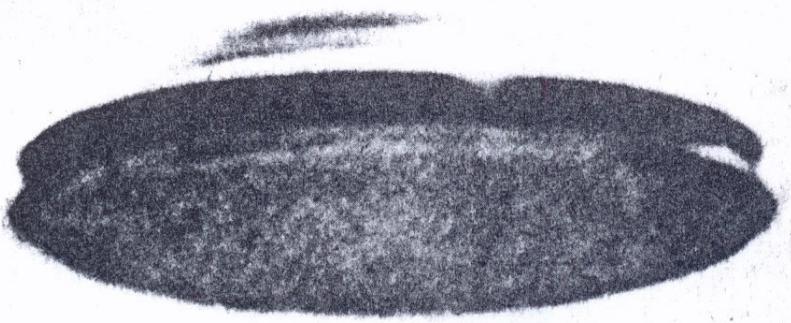
Exactly one week after the discovery of the first three nests, cane farmer Lou Lardi and his nephew, Van Klaphake, stumbled upon two more nests. One was about twelve feet in diameter and the other eight feet;

both, however, appeared much older than any of the previously discovered nests. The smaller nest showed distinct marks of burning in the shape of a circular patch of scorched reeds.

Many hundreds of sightings—enough to fill a book—have been reported since then.



# HUNTED DOWN BY A U.F.O.



The fact that extraterrestrials have the technology to travel halfway across the universe leaves no doubt that their intelligence far surpasses our own — which means they may value human life about as much as we value the lives of the animals we hunt for sport!

Jim Strachey stands by tree where he insists he was cornered by hostile aliens. Strange baseball-sized welt on Strachey's left shoulder substantiates his claim that he was hit by beam from a UFO.

"Tom, I've got to talk to you about something — privately. But you've got to promise me that you'll keep anything I tell you a secret."

I agreed, but I was puzzled. Jim Strachey had been a friend of mine for years. I had never known him to be paranoid or even having any secrets worth keeping. Jim was a solid family man in his early 40s, three kids, a supervisor at a local factory and active in his church. He was straight, reliable, no quirks at all. People spoke well of him in the medium-sized Southern city where we both lived.

I'm a newspaper reporter by trade. I also have a deep interest in UFOs, although only my friends know about it. Jim is one of those who know, and he never missed an opportunity to kid me about it.

When I arrived at Jim's house I knew immediately something was desperately wrong. Jim was friendly and outgoing, as always, but it was forced; he laughed like someone in a hospital bed who laughed despite the pain. His eyes frightened me. They were not the eyes of an angry man but rather the eyes of a *fearful* man. Here, I said to myself, is a very, very scared man.

I couldn't restrain my thoughts any longer. "Jim, what in hell is wrong with you?"

Jim breathed deeply. He seemed tired, as if what was troubling him had drained every last ounce of nervous energy out of him. He began to speak slowly in a halting voice.

"I was out hunting on Frank's land a week ago, up near the creek where you bagged that buck about a year ago." I knew the area well. So did every deer hunter in the county. "You know it's not the season yet, but Frank said he didn't care as long as I didn't tell the game warden if I got caught. Well, you see, I couldn't go to the police when it happened to me. They wouldn't believe me in the first place and I'd probably end up in court for hunting before the season. Hell, I can't even tell my family because they'd think I



was crazy too. But I know you believe in this kind of stuff, Tom. You might not believe this really happened, I can't blame you if you don't, but I swear with God as my witness that it really happened."

"What *did* happen, Jim?" I asked.

"Tom, I saw a UFO in those woods and some men came out of it and hunted me just like you and I hunt a deer!"

Very few things can shock you after you've been a newspaper reporter for a few years. You cover the disasters, accidents and murders and you get to the point where you can be nonchalant around blood and death. You run into all sorts of crazies and hear bizarre stories every day. Pretty soon you develop a "nose" for what's real and what's fake. I knew Jim was telling me the truth. There was no way he could fake such naked, total fear.

"Jim, there's quite a few bizarre UFO cases on record where cars and airplanes have been followed by UFOs. There have been a lot of well-documented encounters where UFO pilots have abducted people and taken them aboard UFOs. Remember when I told you about the Betty and Barney Hill case?" Jim nodded. "A lot of scary things have happened to people who have ran into UFOs and their pilots. You might think your story is unbelievable, but chances are that there have been some similar cases in the past."

Jim suddenly began to unbutton his shirt, "I've got some proof of my story if you need it, Tom. I can prove what happened to me," he said. My eyes

became riveted to his left shoulder. It looked badly reddened all over with a baseball-sized area on the front of the shoulder, just above the armpit, that was peeling and crinkled. Small white dots, like tiny blisters, were scattered throughout the injured area. I didn't want to but I shuddered visibly.

"Good Lord, Jim!" I exploded, "You've got to get yourself to a doctor!"

"And tell him that I got shot in the shoulder by a beam from a flying saucer?" Jim smiled as if unwinding a bit. "Believe it or not, it doesn't hurt a bit. Doesn't seem to be infected any either. Actually, it's a lot better than when I got shot a week ago. My whole shoulder was torn up pretty bad then. I told the wife I got it hurt while at work."

"You got shot by a beam from a UFO?" I asked in amazement.

"That wasn't even the half of it," Jim said as he buttoned up his shirt. His mood abruptly turned grim. "I spent a couple of hours in pure hell."

"Start at the beginning and tell me all about it," I said as I switched on my portable tape recorder. For the next hour I heard a tale so bizarre and frightening that I wouldn't have believed it for a second if it hadn't been Jim telling it to me. Here is the story in Jim's own words, as I transcribed them later from the tape recording:

"Like I said, I was out hunting for deer on Frank's land a little bit before the season started, and I was up in that area near the creek. That's a sweet spot, because if you wait long enough there'll be some good game coming

down to drink out of the creek. I kept down low along the creek in the brush for about an hour or so until I finally heard some movement. I eased up real slow to take a look and saw the prettiest eight-point buck easing out of the woods on the other side toward the creek. He went down to the water's edge for a drink and I lined him up in my rifle scope for a good shot when he raised his head back up.

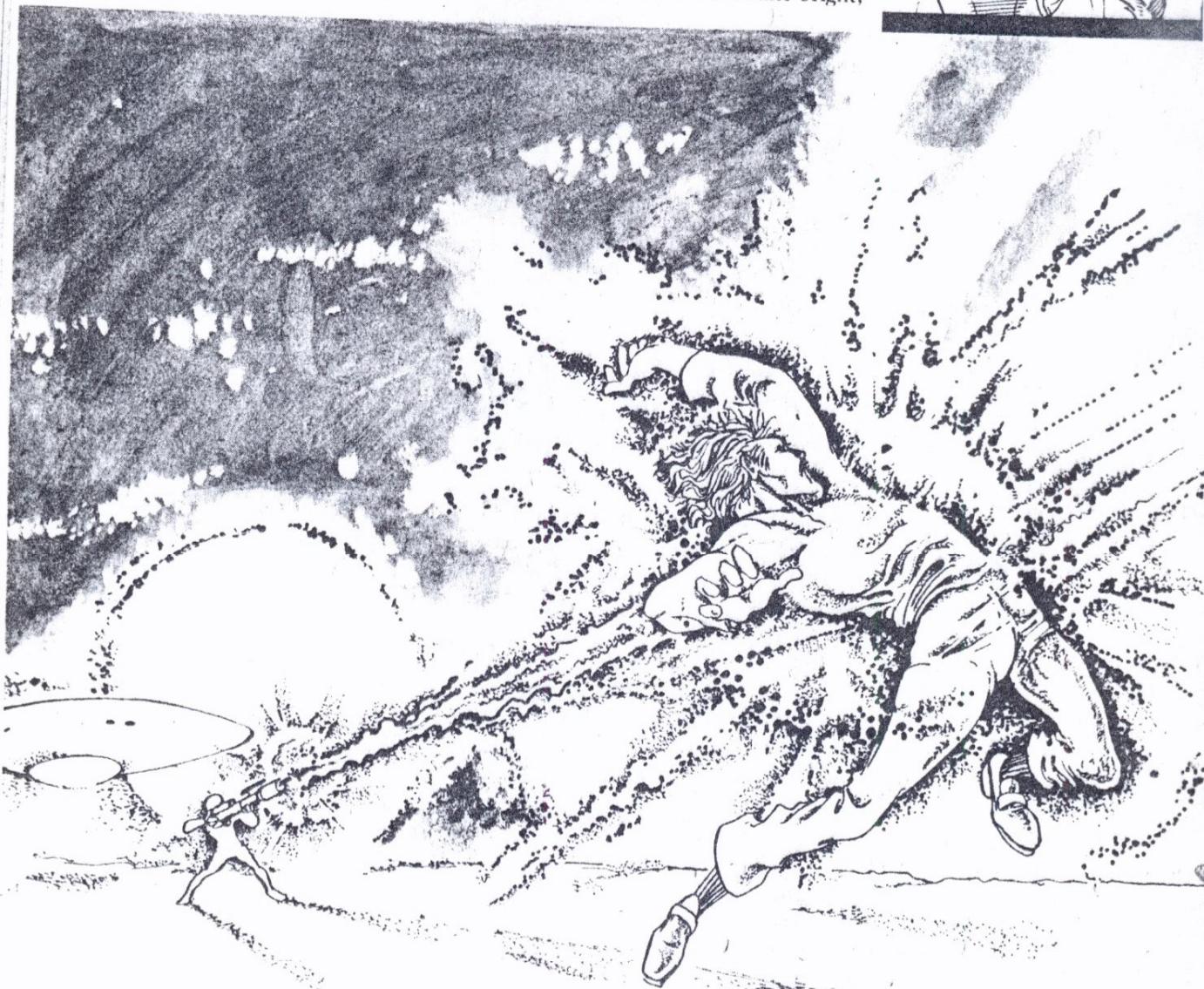
"He raised back up and I drew a bead on him. But just as I was about to pull the trigger something must have spooked him because he took off. I was so keyed up and ready to fire that my finger pulled the trigger even though I had lost the buck. I was cussing myself after I shot, thinking that any second that game warden would show up and start asking me what I was up to in the woods with a 30.06 rifle before deer season was open. But then all of a sudden I heard a loud 'ping!' sound from across the creek, I didn't know

what to think. That shot I fired hit something across the creek, something that sounded like it was made out of metal.

"Now you and I both have been across the other side of the creek and know there's nothing made of metal over there. In fact, just a short ways behind those woods is that clearing where Frank used to let those cattle he once had graze. I thought maybe somebody was running a moonshine still on Frank's property. Anyway, like a damn fool, I decided I'd cross the creek and find out what I had hit.

"This time of year that creek's no more than ankle deep and no trouble to cross. I decided whatever I hit would be in the clearing behind the woods so I walked straight through the woods to the clearing.

"When I got to the clearing I saw this circular, disc-shaped thing laying on the ground. I guess it was about 40 feet in diameter and looked like bright,



hancock



shiny aluminum. I know this sounds crazy when I say it but at the time I didn't realize what I was looking at. I honestly thought it was some kind of secret government aircraft that the Air Force or NASA was testing. I wasn't a bit scared, just real curious. I walked out of the edge of the woods and right into the clearing toward the thing. I walked about 30 feet when I first caught sight of them.

"I don't know what they were. They might've been humans, or spacemen, or devils, I don't know. They were about three and a half feet tall, wearing these silvery looking suits. On their heads they were wearing these helmets like motorcycle riders wear,

except they were made of a real shiny material that reflected light almost like a mirror. I couldn't see any details on their face because they had this real dark glass cover all the way across the front of the helmet. I'd say the cover was glass but that's just a guess. It could've been plastic or just about anything I suppose. I couldn't see any seams or buttons on the outside of their suits. It was very tight, like a second skin. I didn't see any hoses or tanks on any of them.

"A funny thing was their hands. They didn't have gloves, but wore mittens. Their thumbs were really unusual, because they looked to me like their thumbs were as long as the rest of

their fingers. Of course, I could be wrong about this since I never saw any of their fingers, only those mittens. I saw four of them, and they were chattering back and forth among each other in the strangest language I've ever heard. You know, I was in Korea and Japan when I was in the Army and I've heard all sorts of strange languages but I've never heard anything that weird. They were jabbering and pointing to the side of their flying saucer. I then realized that I must have hit it with my rifle shot and they were probably wondering who had hit them.

"I just stood there dumbfounded. I was so surprised that I couldn't move or speak. I knew I was awake but I felt



Can it be mere "coincidence"? The same evening of Strachey's alien encounter, a mysterious fire broke out on the other side of town. Local officials can find no explanation for the blaze.

like I was dreaming. I was wondering what I should do when one of them apparently spotted me. That one glanced in my direction and raised his arm and pointed toward me. The other three turned around and also looked at me. They began chattering real fast and making all sorts of rapid movements with their arms. I got the idea that

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they were mad at me for hitting their spaceship with that rifle shot. I decided I had better get out of there so I turned and ran.

"I looked over my shoulder and saw this tube-like thing rising out of the top of that flying saucer. I suddenly heard this high pitched whine and felt a wave of heat sweep over me. Now I saw this thing in broad daylight under a sunny sky but all of a sudden the blue sky was blotted out by this bright red glow.

"I was too frightened to even run. I stood there frozen with fear. I just watched as that tube at the top of the saucer turned and pointed toward me.

I wanted to run but I just couldn't. I was paralyzed.

"The next thing I knew a beam of red light shot out from that tube and hit me square in the shoulder. The only thing I felt was some heat and a sensation like getting hit very hard by something solid, a lot like getting hit with a block when you're playing football but it was in a lot smaller area. It was a hard hit, too. It knocked me clean off my feet, turned me around, and dropped me on my face. I lay there for a couple of seconds, stunned, until I noticed that my hunting jacket was on fire where that beam of light hit me on the shoulder. I got up as quick as I could and got that jacket off. It was hard because I was still dizzy from getting hit by that beam.

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**"As God is my witness, those — creatures — hunted me just as you and I would hunt a wild animal!"**

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"I didn't know what was going on. I looked up and saw three of those UFO men running right toward me. They had split up, one going toward my left, one to my right, and one straight after me. You know, Tom, that's the way we do it when we've wounded an animal but haven't dropped him. Like I said, I couldn't understand their language, but I knew damn well what was happening. They were going to catch me and drag me back aboard that flying saucer!

"I just turned heel and ran for my life back into those woods. I ran like the devil but it wasn't helping a bit. Those little fellows could cover more ground faster than any ordinary man I ever saw. I was about halfway into the woods and they were closing fast. I knew I couldn't outrun them so I had to do something else. I know it sounds crazy but it was all I could think of at the time. I climbed a tree! I managed to get about 20 feet up into the tree, and it wasn't easy. I was carrying my rifle with me and my left shoulder was beginning to get paralyzed. I was feeling awfully weak, and I'm not sure whether it was from getting shot by that saucer beam or from fear. Like I said, I got up about twenty feet and found a good perch. I was just in time. Those three creatures had surrounded the tree and were pointing up to me, really chattering between themselves.

## HUNTED DOWN BY A UFO!

"I was cussing myself then, wondering why on earth I had climbed that tree. Those little men just walked around that tree, kept pointing up at me and yacking back and forth. That went on for a few minutes before I finally caught on. They didn't know how to climb a tree! I was real happy when I figured that out, but that didn't really solve my problem. Even if they couldn't get up to me, there was no way I could get down either!"

"I must've been up in that tree for an hour, waiting for those creatures to do something besides point and chatter. I really couldn't keep track of time too well because my watch had stopped working after I got hit by that UFO beam. Anyway, one of them walked back through the woods towards the saucer and two of them stayed to keep watch over me."

"The other creature returned in a few minutes, and he had another one of them with him. I said I saw four of them when I first saw the UFO on the ground but only three had chased me into the woods. I guess one had stayed behind to mind the saucer. But there were four of them now, and the two that had come back from the direction of the saucer were bringing some things that looked like flashlights. They were about a foot long and were made of the same shiny material as their spacesuits and the saucer. They took up positions around the tree where I was. Each of them took one of those flashlights or whatever they were. They weren't chattering among themselves anymore. One of them seemed to be their leader, because he was the only one who spoke now and when he said something, the other three moved or did something. He only spoke in short little bursts. I didn't know what the hell they had in mind but I was scared, close to nauseated with fear."

"One of them pointed his flashlight and a white beam of light flashed out and hit me in the face. When it hit it felt like a slap in the face. My eyes began watering and my vision became blurred. I closed my eyes and buried my face against the tree trunk. I held on for dear life. I became sick on my stomach. I just hung my head down away from them and vomited. I was shaking real bad. It's a miracle I didn't fall out of the tree. They were keeping quiet, I couldn't tell what they were up to. I didn't dare look at them."

"But then I heard this humming sound and the hair of the back of my neck began to tingle and I felt this sensation through my neck and shoulders like an electric current, sort of like when you accidentally touch a hot electric wire. I ducked down and saw one of them pointing his flashlight at the spot where my head had been. My guess is that he was using some sort of electric force field on me. But the next thing I knew I got hit in the face again with one of those beams that felt like a slap in the face. My eyes watered and my vision got all blurry again. I turned my face back to the tree trunk and they started using that force field on me again. I tried ducking my head but that electric beam kept dead on the back of my neck. The pain got so bad I couldn't take it so I turned around and faced them. When I did I got shot in the face with that white beam of light.

"My left foot slipped out from under me and I don't know how I kept from falling out of the tree. My left shoulder, where I had been shot with that UFO beam, was pretty weak and wasn't much help. I think they thought I was going to fall because they began to close in around that tree. They didn't have their flashlights raised. That gave me the one break I needed.

"I managed to get my balance back and hang on. It must seem crazy now to think that a rifle would be any good against their weapons, but it was all I had and I was desperate. My vision was still blurred and I could only see forms, not any details. Anyway, I took my rifle and took aim at the one who seemed to be their leader—the one who did the only talking now. He couldn't have been more than 15 feet away from the tree, and I fired right at the middle of his chest. I whooped for joy when I heard that shot hit him. Funny thing, it made a metallic sound, just like the one I heard when I had shot at that buck and missed.

"The shot knocked the leader clean off his feet. He lay on the ground, just rolling that helmeted head of his from side to side. The other three went bananas. They all broke out in this wild chattering and stood over the leader. It was a perfect chance. Just the fact that I had been able to finally strike back at them gave me new strength and hope. I was also madder than hell at them! I just took my rifle and fired three more shots at them and the other three hit the dirt too. The other three made those funny metallic

sounds when I hit them. Their spacesuits must be made of metal or else they have some mighty strong bodies under them."

"My joy didn't last too long. The leader hopped up and he let fly with some mighty loud sounds. Like I said, I couldn't make heads or tails of their language but he seemed mad! The other three got up and grabbed their weapons again. Two of them ran around to the opposite side of the tree while one of them stayed around front with the leader. They must've figured out that I couldn't see out of the back of my head.

But I wasn't going down without a fight. I opened up at the two creatures in front of me but they ducked down and I didn't hit them. At least I didn't hear any sounds like I had hit them. But the next thing I knew I got hit in the back with that electric force field beam again. I tried to duck under it but they followed me pretty well. I didn't dare look at them because I knew that I'd get hit with that white beam again.

"That electric force field was hurting me bad in my neck, shoulders and head, but I was getting my rifle ready so I could swing around and pop them with a couple of shots. I'd been ignoring the first couple of creatures but they hadn't forgotten me. I glanced at them just in time to see the leader point his weapon at me....and that white beam hit me right between the eyes. I tried to keep control but with that white beam in my face and that electric field on the back of my head there wasn't much I could do. I started to drop out of that tree, but I managed to grab hold of a branch just in time. A second later I almost wished I had fell and maybe broken my neck. I had dropped my rifle to the ground!

"As soon as my rifle hit the ground they knew they had me. All four of them opened up on me with their weapons. I took the full brunt of those four beams—two electric, two white beams of light—for what seemed like an eternity, although it couldn't have been more than a few seconds. My head was bouncing about from side to side, and I felt like I was Muhammad Ali's punching bag. I had just about reached the point to where I was going to fall to the ground when the whole area was lit up in a brilliant red light.

"The creatures stopped hitting me with their beams and looked up. Somehow I managed to raise my head too. Overhead was a second UFO, just like the one I saw on the ground,

and it was just hovering there over us.

It was glowing a bright red, and in the center of it was a blue light that blinked off and on. The whole air was filled with some strange buzzing noises.

"Those creatures stood there for a few seconds watching the UFO, and then the leader said something real quick and all four of them took off through the woods back to where their saucer was landed. To tell the truth, I was more scared now than I ever was before. I felt sure that they were going to team up with that other saucer against me.

"I can't even describe how relieved I was when I saw that saucer rise up from the woods and fly up to where the second saucer was hovering. The second saucer quit glowing red and looked just like aluminum, the same as the first saucer. Then both of them zoomed straight up in the air and were gone. When I say zoomed, that's what I mean. There wasn't any noise as they flew up.

"It took me a long time before I finally got up enough strength to climb down out of that tree. I was shaking like a leaf. It wasn't until I got down that I realized how bad I was hurt in my shoulder. Even after I got home my neck hurt and I was having vision problems for a couple of days later. I had some bad headaches, too."

"Tom, if it hadn't been for this wound on my shoulder I wouldn't believe this story myself. I'd just say that I was imagining things or having a hallucination. In fact, I sometimes wonder if I didn't hurt my shoulder somewhere else and maybe just imagined the saucer and the creature. But no matter how I try to lie to myself I know that what happened to me was real, even if no one else will believe it."

Jim finished his story there. As I switched off the tape recorder I noticed that the sweat had soaked through his shirt and his hands were trembling as he lit a cigarette. If Jim was lying, he deserved an Academy Award for the acting job he was doing.

Not surprisingly, Jim had not returned to the area where he encountered the UFO and its occupants since the incident. He also declined to return with me. I went by myself and found a large circular depression of flattened grass in the spot where Jim claimed to have spotted the landed UFO. I found several ripple-soled footprints around the tree where Jim claimed to have been trapped. Several strange

burn marks were on the tree trunk as well. After this I had no further doubts about the truth of Jim's story.

Since his experience, Jim has gradually recovered. He seems to be in control of his nerves and emotions once again and has suffered no lasting physical effects. He refuses to go hunting or go into the woods by himself, though.

The entire incident still bothers me, however. Did the UFOnauts interpret Jim's stray shot as an attack? That's what I want to think, because the UFOnauts behavior can perhaps be excused if they were reacting to what they thought was an attack. But suppose they were doing what Jim was doing—*hunting*. Hunters like Jim and I don't think of ourselves as particularly cruel or savage when we go hunting,

mainly because our targets are so inferior to us. Maybe that's what we are to the UFOnauts, inferior animals to be hunted for sport!

Every year you can read accounts of hunters, campers and other outdoorsmen who simply vanish without a trace. Everyone has also heard of the strange disappearances in the Bermuda Triangle. Could these vanishings be the result of a successful "hunting trip?"

Jim was initially dead set against his story ever being published. The public must know that there is a possibility that the UFOnauts are hostile to humans. As I explained it to Jim, he could be considered very lucky despite his harrowing experience. After all, he got away.

